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Surplus, 15,000.00William A. Bahke, President
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21ST ANNUAL OHIO EXCURSION.

The Ann Arbor R. R. will give its 21st Annual Ohio Excursion Wednesday, October 3rd. Tickets will be sold to Toledo and points in Ohio on the following railroads: Wheeling & Lake Erie; Wabash; Hocking Valley; Ohio Central Lines; Lake Shore & Michigan Southern; Detroit, Toledo & Ironton; Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton; Pennsylvania Company; Toledo, St. Louis & Western and Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis Ry., "Big Four."

Special train will leave Alma at 8:14 a. m. Excursion tickets good for return until October 18, will be sold to Toledo at \$4.36 for the round trip and at correspondingly low rates to points on railroads named above, good for return to November 3rd.

For further information call on nearest Ann Arbor R. R. Agent or write.

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CHAS. RHODES.

ALMA BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

PROFESSIONAL.

D. A. BAGLEY, Physician and Surgeon
Office, Opera House Block, Office hours: 1:30 to 5:30 and 7 to 9 p. m. Diseases of the eye and ear a specialty.J. P. SUYDAM, M. D., Physician and Surgeon
Office opposite Church block.

D. NELSON F. MCCLINTON, Graduate University of Michigan, Office, New Polkay Block, Office hours, 1:30 to 4:30 and 7:00 to 8:30 p. m. Bath Phone.

D. R. T. Lamb, office in Bahke building
Office hours, 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m. Night calls at office.JAS. G. KRESS, Attorney and Solicitor,
Sec. 4 and 5 opera house block, Alma, Mich.
Phone No. 16. Practice in Circuit, State and United States Courts.BERT HAYES, Attorney at Law and Solicitor
in Chancery, Circuit Court Commissioner
for Gratiot County, Michigan. Office in New Polkay Block Alma, Mich.

SOCIETIES.

U. S. CHURCH—Morning service at 10:00
Sunday School at 11:45; Praise singing
at 7:30. Rev. C. L. HARWOOD, Pastor.PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Morning service
10:00; Sunday school 11:30. Evening service
7:00 p. m. REV. A. J. FUSSELL, Pastor.ST. JOHN'S CHURCH (Episcopal) Sunday
services, 10:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday
School after morning services.M. E. CHURCH—Morning services 10:00; Sunday
school 11:30. Evening service 7:00
Young people's meeting Sunday evening at 8:00
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:00
REV. F. H. CLAPP, Pastor.BAPTIST CHURCH—Morning service 10:00
Sunday school 11:30. Evening service 7:00
Young people's meeting 8:00 Sunday evening.
Junior's Society 2:30 p. m. standard time
Prayer meeting Thursday evenings.
REV. ROBERT ELDER, Pastor.FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.
Services 11:00 a. m. in W. R. C. hall. Read
ing room will be at the residence of Mrs.
Otto Sanderhoff and will be open Saturday from
10 to 5 p. m. to anyone desiring to read Christian
Science literature.FREE METHODIST CHURCH: Sabbath
School, 9:00 a. m., preaching at 10:00 a. m.
and 7:00 p. m.; prayer meeting Tuesday at 7:00
p. m.
REV. C. M. DEFOX, Pastor.

LODGES

ALMA Chapter, No. 125, R. A. M. Regular meet-
ings on Monday night or after full moon
M. POLLASKY, H. P.
WALTER CAPLE, Sec'y.ALMA LODGE, F. & A. M.—Regular meeting
on Tuesday night or before full moon.
A. OLMEYER, W. M.
M. POLLASKY, Sec'y.ALMA CHAPTER, O. E. S. No. 43—Regular
meetings on the first Friday of each month
Mrs. FRANCES HOWE, W. M.
MINNIE SMITH, Sec'y.ALMA ENCAMPMENT, No. 62, I. O. O. F.
meet every alternate Wednesday night in
I. O. O. F. Temple.
W. H. ROGERS, C. P.
W. S. BOGART, Scribe.L. O. T. M. Alma Hive No. 32. Meets alter-
nate Friday afternoons, 2 o'clock, E. of P.
hall. Visitors always welcomed.
LEONA LATIMER, L. C.
Mrs. ADA GREIG, R. K.ALMA CAMP 8142, M. W. A.—Meet in I. O.
O. F. Temple every alternate Tuesday
night.
J. E. FULLER, V. C.
W. S. BOGART, Clerk.ROSEWOOD CAMP No. 3281, R. N. of A.
Regular meetings every 2nd and 4th
Wednesday evenings in the month at 8 o'clock
in W. R. C. hall.
Mrs. CARRIE E. FULLER, O.
EDNA WHELAN, Rec.ALMA COURT NO. 778, I. O. F., holds regular
meetings in G. A. R. hall.
CHAS. MORDEN, C. R.
CLARK BEERS, S. R.ALMA LODGE NO. 62 American Buffaloes meet
every alternate Thursday night in I. O. O.
F. Temple.
L. C. HETSOBER, Sire
W. S. BOGART, Scribe.A. R.—William Moyer Post, No. 152 Depart
ment of Michigan, G. A. R., meet on 2d Sat-
urday of each month at 7:00 p. m., and on the 4th
Saturday of each month at 7:00 p. m.
Francis Hawley, Commander.
JOHN GREIG, Adjutant.CAMP DARRAGH No. 3 L. V. S. meet in W.
R. C. hall second and fourth Sunday of
each month.
JOHN GREIG, Col.
W. A. DAVIS, Q. M.WM. MOYER RELIEF CORPS, No. 153, meet
every second and fourth Wednesday in the
month. Visiting members always welcome.
Mrs. MARIETTA HAWLEY, President.
Mrs. May Baker, Sec.FEDERATION CO. NO. 4, U. R. K. of P., meet
in K. of P. hall, first Tuesday after 19th of
every month.
DEWITT VOGHT, Chaplain.
MARVIN HARVEY, Recorder.K. O. T. M. Regular reviews of Alma Ten-
night in I. O. O. F. Temple. Visiting mem-
bers of the Order are welcome.
FRED ROHLAN, Com.
H. J. LEONARD, R. R.SUPERIOR REBEKAH LODGE, No. 101, I. O.
O. F. Regular meetings Friday nights in
I. O. O. F. hall.
AGNESS DENGES, N. G.
LUCIA HOGART, R. S.Equitable Fraternal Union No. 325, Regular
meetings every alternate Thursday evening
in G. A. R. hall.
Ed. L. BROWN, Secretary
OTIS WHITE, President.ALMA LODGE NO. 28, I. O. O. F., meets every
Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Temple.
R. W. ANDERSON, N. G.
W. S. BOGART, R. S.KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS—Fitz James Lodge
No. 95, K. of P. holds its regular meetings
every Friday night.
J. S. KNOTT, C. C.
ADELBERT THUM, K. of R. & S.PATHBONE SISTERS, Royal Temple No. 16,
meets every alternate Wednesday night in
K. of P. hall.
GERTRA VOGHT, M. E. C.
Mrs. MINNIE SMITH, M. of C.

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Woman's Trials.

The bitter trail in a woman's life is to be childless. Who can tell how hard the struggle may have been ere she learnt to resign herself to her lonely lot? The absence of this link to blind marital life together, the absence of this one pledge to mutual affection is a common disappointment. Many unfortunate couples become estranged thereby. Even if they do not drift apart, one may regret the whole extent of their disappointment in the eyes of such a childless couple when they rest on the children of others. To them the largest family does not seem too numerous. In many cases of barrenness or childlessness the obstacle to child-bearing is easily removed by the cure of weakness on the part of the woman. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been the means of restoring health and fruitfulness to many a barren woman, to the great joy of the household. In other, but rare cases, the obstruction to the bearing of children has been found to be of a surgical character, but easily removable by painless operative treatment at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., over which Dr. Pierce of the "Favorite Prescription" fame presides. In all cases where children are desired and are absent, an effort should be made to find out the real cause, since it is generally so easily removed by proper treatment.

In all the various weaknesses, displacements, prolapsus, inflammation and debilitating catarrhal diseases and in all cases of nervousness and debility, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the most efficient remedy that can possibly be used. It has to its credit hundreds of thousands of cures—more in fact than any other remedy put up for sale through druggists, especially for woman's use. The ingredients of which the "Favorite Prescription" is composed have received the most positive endorsement from the leading medical writers on *Materia Medica* of all the several schools of practice. All the ingredients are printed in plain English on the wrapper enclosing the bottle, so that any woman making use of this famous medicine may know exactly what she is taking. Dr. Pierce takes his patients into his full confidence, which he can afford to do as the formula after which the "Favorite Prescription" is made will bear the most careful examination.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best and safest laxative for women.



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It is of course impossible accurately to gauge the part the small "want ad." plays in the life of today, but it is a well known fact that thousands depend upon it for employment.

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If you want anything, try an ad. in our columns.



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Printers' Ink uses a great many advertising blotters—in fact, uses no other. They come in as fast as wanted, and very nice and handy they are.

Whose advertisements are on those blotters?

Ah, that is a thing the Little Schoolmaster never observed, or, if he did, he never remembered and does not now remember. But he likes the blotters—Printers' Ink.

This criticism is never applicable to advertising in your local paper.

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Nurse Helen

By IZOLA FORRESTER

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The first recollection Derrick had of her was very hazy.

There had been the fight outside of "Kid Murray's." He remembered that, every detail of it. For nearly a week he had been waiting for it to come off, on a tip from the union secretary. And it had all come true. The very night that Barker had landed from Pittsburgh they had prepared his reception in memory of the speeches he had made before the coal barons. He had been faithful, Barker had. He had dallied and parleyed and dined and hobnobbed and, as Murray said, played the fool generally, and the wine of it all had made him heady, and this while thousands of strikers waited on his word and their children and wives waited for daily bread.

It was not wise of Barker. Even Derrick could see that, and Derrick was merely reporter for what Murray called the "pink sheet." So the night that Barker returned to make his explanatory address in Central hall Derrick was on hand to see the fun. He saw it. Not only that, but he was right down in the middle of it, and when the boys made a dash for Barker as he tried to glide out the back window he went with them, not knowing exactly why, but crazy with the sight of the running fox, like the rest of the hounds.

They caught him outside of Murray's, and those who could not get their hands on him began to throw things. Some of the things went astray, and when the melee was cleared and Barker had been thrown up by the tide into an ambulance Derrick, the "pink sheet" reporter, was beside him with a battered cranium and a faintly riotous sense of victory, as he dropped into unconsciousness, of having got a "beat" on the other papers.

But the "beat" never came out, because for days the "pink sheet" reporter lay up at Bellevue, and the world spun round him in gray circles like a view of the fifth heaven. Then gradually out of the circling grayness he distinguished one shape that came and went with more tangibility than the other dreams. And one morning he opened his eyes and saw two real objects clearly, without the gray film. They were Nurse Helen and Barker.

Barker lay a couple of beds away from him. He could see the face on the pillow. The redness had left it, and some of the unctuous mildness. The outline of the profile looked harsh and almost forbore against the white pillow. And he was asleep.

Derrick glanced up at the nurse. She was dressing the wound on his head swiftly, deftly, easily, impersonally. A ward surgeon in white came by, stopped and bent forward to examine the wound.

"He can leave tomorrow," he said briefly and went on.

And suddenly Derrick changed his mind. He did not want to leave. He wanted to stay there forever and let this girl in gray and white pat him and wrap him up and ease him. Then he thought of Barker.

"Is he badly hurt?" he asked. The nurse looked startled for an instant. At least her eyes lost their impersonal look and met those of Derrick. Then she understood.

"Yes. He will not be out for several weeks," she said quietly.

Derrick remembered swiftly. Several weeks! That would carry him past the 10th, and the 10th was the decisive day in Pittsburgh. And if Barker were not on hand at that arbitration meeting to daily and parley and fool around generally something definite might result. There was only one man to send in his place, Strogund, and if Strogund went there would be no parley, no fooling. He would win the strike.

"Have I been here long?" he asked. The nurse was clearing the table beside the bed of bandages and bottles. Derrick noticed that her hair was reddish brown beneath her cap. He could see the little curls around the edges.

"Two weeks ago yesterday you were brought in," she replied. "It is the 9th."

Derrick tried to sit up in bed. "Two weeks!" he gasped and dropped heavily back on his pillow.

"You must not do that," said the girl severely. "You have had a high fever and are still very weak. Don't you sit up again."

She went on, and Derrick closed his eyes. The grayness swept around him, circling, wheeling, waving, until he could not stop himself and was lost in its void. When he awakened it was night. There were two figures standing beside him, the girl nurse and an older woman.

"He is worse," the girl was saying. "Dr. Ingraham said he might leave tomorrow. I will be on again at 7. You had better not let them take him before Ingraham sees him again."

It was barely above a whisper, but she heard and came to the bedside.

"Will you send a telephone message for me?"

"To your friends?" The nurse was used to such requests, and this particular patient had seemed particularly friendly.

"Yes," Derrick tried to think clearly, to keep his grip on things before the grayness should come again. "Call up 3008 Main, ask for the 'City' room—for Yates. Tell him that Barker is laid up in Bellevue with a smashed head

and can't go to Pittsburgh tomorrow. Tell him—oh, hang it, if I could only get on the wire for half a minute!"

"You must not excite yourself," said the nurse calmly. "You could not possibly travel to Pittsburgh tomorrow. You must be quiet and not worry."

Derrick stared at her. She thought he was Barker. And her eyes were dark blue, almost hazel, and she was young.

"I will send the message tonight," she said and walked away.

And Derrick smiled for the first time in many days and went to sleep without the gray void around him. She would keep her word. Yates would attend to the rest. They would be able to follow up the tip. He wondered vaguely which of the boys would be sent to Pittsburgh to cover the barons' end of the story, and then he smiled again, remembering the little nurse with the close curved lips and dark blue eyes who thought that he was Barker.

The next day Yates came to see him, Yates himself, clean shaven and cold blooded, but with the glimmer of appreciation in his eyes as he saw Barker two beds away.

"It went in this morning," he told Derrick. "There has been a general pickup over Barker's disappearance. Some said he was dead. But they thought he was simply laying low, to turn up high and dry at the meeting. Now they've sent Strogund since the extra came out."

Derrick grinned happily. He had had an idea it would be that way. And Barker was watching them, grimly, understandingly, his face looking oddly incongruous in its halo of white bandages. Yates nodded to him.

"Badly knocked out, Barker?" he asked pleasantly.

"But not done for yet," muttered Barker.

When he rose to go Yates gripped Derrick's hand.

"It was a very decent, timely thing to do, Derrick," he said. "The old man will appreciate it."

That was all, but it left Derrick radiantly joyous. When the nurse came around he couldn't help it. He had to tell some one, and he told her while she dressed his head. It was after 6 then. At 7 she went off duty for the night. When he had finished she was smiling, too, and her eyes were bright.

"I am glad for you. Yesterday I thought that you were Barker, and I didn't want to send the message. I am from Pittsburgh, and we know about Barker there," she added seriously.

"But you sent it?"

"I knew it didn't matter so long as he couldn't go."

Derrick laughed. The dear, delicious, foolish daisiness of her. Didn't matter! He looked over at Barker and rejoiced over the smashed head that did not matter.

"They had an extra out again tonight," the little nurse was saying. "The strike has been settled by arbitration, but the strikers won."

"God bless Strogund!" said Derrick fervently, and Barker heard him. The nurse added gently:

"You are to leave in the morning, perhaps before I come on. Don't work hard at first and you'll be all right. Goodby."

"What's your name, nurse from Pittsburgh?" asked Derrick, looking up at the dark blue eyes.

She flushed. It is against the rules for nurses to flirt with fellow nurses or doctors in Bellevue, but they have not passed any rule barring patients as yet.

"Helen," she said—"Helen Hayward."

"Mine's Derrick—Wilfred Derrick." He lowered his voice so that Barker could not hear. "I'm going to see you, Nurse Helen, after I get out of this place tomorrow, because you and I broke that strike. You don't know how we did it, but I do, and I think you're a brick. May I, Nurse Helen?"

"Yes," said Nurse Helen under her breath. And Derrick held one of the slim white hands close to his lips and kissed it. There was no one to deny him, for Bellevue had not barred love from the patients yet, and Barker was looking the other way.

The Power of a Ring.

She was homely and to most persons unattractive, yet as she entered the train a sort of halo seemed to surround her as one set apart from common mortals. There was no indication of exceptional talent, ability or endowment about her, no evidence of superiority, but a certain indefinable distinction. It was not quite an air of conquest, though suggestive of satisfactory achievement. She bore her head high and wore a Buddha-like expression of proud serenity.

Only a moment was she settled in her seat when off came her gloves, and then the key to the problem was evident. The long, joyous look bestowed upon the sparkling ring on the third finger of her left hand told the story.

That left hand had a busy time. It investigated the lingerie hat poised coquettishly over the face of one no longer young, it made sure that her brooch was fastened, it pulled her silken skirts closer about her, it tightened the straps to her traveling bag sitting in the aisle, and so on indefinitely, occasionally pausing for a caressing glance from the tired but beaming eyes.

The gray little scintillations from the diamond flashed out the song, "Engaged, engaged, engaged!"—New York Press.

Things That Happen Only Abroad.

She was an obvious American, and she brought a breath of hominy into the coiffeur's in Hanover street. Said she, "I want you to send a man, right away, down to the Cecil to shingle my daughter's bang."

M. Toupet—Madam, I am a coiffeur, not a building contractor.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Hongkong and Its Disaster

HONGKONG, where recent disastrous typhoons occurred, was the subject of a similar visitation of nature in September, 1874. Great devastation was wrought in the harbor on that occasion. Several years later it suffered from flood. Hongkong is not a part of China, but is a British possession off the coast of China. It is an island and is separated from the mainland by the narrow Lye-mun strait. Its capital and chief town is Victoria, often spoken of as Hongkong. This city is built upon the north side of the island and around the curve of a wide bay. The island of Hongkong is about ten miles long by seven broad, and behind the city of Victoria rises Victoria peak, which attains an altitude of nearly 2,000 feet.

Hongkong is the first slice of her empire which China gave to outsiders. It was ceded to the English in 1842 after the opium war. At that time it was a mass of barren rocks, the haunts of a few fishermen. The importance of the port of Hongkong became such that in 1898 Great Britain obtained from China a lease of 376 square miles of the mainland adjoining. This territory, with Hongkong, now forms a British crown colony and naval station.

One may now take a steam ferry at the docks of Hongkong and land in a few minutes in the English China of the Kowloon peninsula. The English have owned a landing place here since 1860, but their territory was greatly enlarged by the lease of 1898, and a settlement has already arisen on the mainland which has many of the characteristics of an up to date community. Hongkong itself has a population of about 500,000, mostly Chinese, but a large proportion of the Chinese even are British subjects by right of birth. The colony is governed by officials sent out from England and by minor officers chosen by the residents of the colony. The present governor is Sir Matthew Nathan. Being the naval depot of Great Britain in the far east it is the rendezvous for British vessels of war, many of which are usually stationed in the harbor, while war vessels



THE AMERICAN CONSULATE AT HONGKONG.

of other nations may frequently be seen there. The shipping interests of Hongkong are very extensive. No port on the globe has a larger export trade and in point of tonnage that of Hongkong ranks third. Victoria, though it has features characteristic of a Chinese city, is in many respects a modern town in appearance, with excellent schools, churches, hospitals and other public institutions. The United States consulate, which is shown in the picture, is an imposing house in the lower part of the city, and the consul general usually makes his home in a district upon the hillside beyond.

The loss of life among the natives at the time of the typhoon at Hongkong was especially large in consequence of the fact that the families of the boatmen are accustomed to live upon the sampans, or native ships. The harbor is inclosed on all sides by high hills and is regarded as one of the finest in the world. Yet, as recent experience shows, it is not free from an occasional visitation by the dreaded typhoon. It has an area of about ten square miles. The lower levels of the city of Victoria are covered by a dense mass of Chinese shops and tenements, while beyond these, rising tier upon tier on the hills above, are the homes of foreign residents. People from England and America who reach Hongkong see the spires of churches before they leave ship and see British and American flags waving in the breeze, and it is not unusual to hear from them the expression "Home again," though they may be 10,000 miles from their hearthstones.

The Chinese characters representing the name of the island of Hongkong may be read to signify either "good harbor" or "pleasant streams." From April until October the climate is very oppressive, and people wear the lightest kind of clothing. Persons of wealth generally send their families to the mountains of Japan until the worst part of the hot season is over.